

# A Summer of Change, or FuÃ°flogi is an Understatement

by LikeaGlintoLight

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Summary: Hiccup becomes the de facto liaison between humans and dragons, standing at the center of Berk's uneasy transition to a peaceful coexistence between the two groups. In this delicate position he struggles to keep secret the true nature of his relationship with Toothless in the face of increased attention from the village and growing opposition from antidragon factions. RP from AO3

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Author's notes\*\***

I started this story on AO3 but I decided to also post it here. There is a one-shot prequel to this story titled "Prelude to Summer" also reposted here. A number of the events of this story are taken from the movie and TV series but expect things to veer off quite a bit at times. As someone whose confidence as a writer is largely alcohol-induced, I would immensely appreciate any and all comments or criticism you guys have to offer. Anyhow, I hope y'all enjoy! If not, feel free to say why.

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><p>Hiccup found it a little disorienting to wake up and find the world around him entirely different from how he had left it. A mere three days had passed since the battle with the Red Death, he would later find out, though it may as well have been three years for all that things had changed in his absence.<p>

The first of many surprises was of course waking up to find Toothless at his bedside, in his house of all places, smiling that goofy gummy grin at the sight of his lover waking up. The moment he sat up, the dragon's "lips" pressed firmly against his own, the desperation of his kiss betraying just how anxious he had been, and how relieved he now was. The moment lasted for a few seconds before Hiccup broke off,

glancing around anxiously, for a brief second worried that someone might have been around to see their kiss. With no one in sight, Hiccup breathed a long overdue sigh of relief.

They were alive! They defeated the Red Death! They'd gotten through it all unharmed!

Well, mostly unharmed.

It only took a moment for Hiccup to realize something wasn't quite right. Bringing his legs off the side of the bed, Hiccup found the left one suddenly pulled down by an unexpected weight, producing a dull metallic thud as it hit the wooden floor. At the base of his leg, or at least what was left of it, he found an odd little device: an s-shaped bar of metal screwed to a wooden mount that fixed the strange prosthetic just below his knee. Toothless examined the device wistfully, sensing his partner's discomfort.

It was a bit much, he supposed, to ask to come out of that completely unscathed.

Hiccup gave a bleak glance at the offending limb dangling awkwardly from his body, thinking towards what it meant for the days to come. Trying to put any pressure on it left him wincing at the dull pain that it sent up through his leg. The weight felt foreign and the sheer lack of sensation beneath his knee as it touched the floor was disconcerting.

Still, he couldn't just spend the rest of his life in bed. At the very least he'd been out of commission for some time, and he needed some assurance that he hadn't gone full Rip Van Winkle.

Bracing himself against the headboard, Hiccup clumsily pulled himself up off the bed to stand upright, only to have his leg threaten to give way beneath him with each aching step. Sure enough, it soon made good on its threat and Hiccup's left knee buckled, causing him to gracelessly topple forward.

Before Hiccup could even register what had happened, Toothless had caught him. The dragon offered a concerned trill as he glanced up at his wounded friend.

"Thanks, buddy," the boy hissed through the discomfort as he struggled to regain stable footing. Toothless chirred sadly, though he was all too happy to offer himself as a makeshift crutch. Together the pair made their way toward the front door, one clumsy step at a time. Thank Odin that they'd had the sense not to put him in his own bed on the second floor.

The door groaned on its rusted hinges, swinging wide to reveal a scene Hiccup could have only ever dreamed of. The village was alive with sound and motion, vibrant with the energy of Vikings and dragons alike, intermingled as they went about their business. It was a far cry from the dreary, miserable Berk he was so accustomed to. He had difficulty believing that all this could be real, but the nagging pain in his leg continued to assure him that he wasn't dreaming.

Standing before the entrance to his house, he looked out over the heart of Berk wide-eyed and dumbfounded. Outside it still felt like

summer, or what passed for summer in Berk anyway. Summer on Berk was always criminally short. For a month or two at most, the weather was truly comfortable, sometimes even warm if the conditions were right, but it was rarely more than a fleeting glimpse at what life was like in a more palatable clime. To Hiccup, it meant that he couldn't have been unconscious for more than a few days, leaving him with enough summer to watch from the sidelines while he got used to his new leg. Well, that was a depressing thought. At least the Summer's End Festival would probably be fun, he figured.

Soon enough Hiccup and Toothless found themselves at the center of everyone's attention. The villagers who passed by were quick to shower the pair with praise and accolades. The same people who had so bitterly criticized and ostracized him as a worthless failure were now lauding him as "Hiccup the Hero," "Hiccup the Hope of Berk," and "Hiccup the Dragon Conqueror." He wasn't terribly enamored with that last one, but it was certainly better than some of his older nicknames.

Sure enough, a crowd started to materialize before them, uncomfortably reminding Hiccup of his unwarranted popularity during his brief reign as champion of the Dragon Fighting Arena. He remembered less than fondly the adulating swarms of fickle villagers whose opinions of him had all changed at the drop of a hat. Well, okay, this was more or less an overnight change too, but at least he'd actually done something praiseworthy this time.

"So, what do you think?" The gentle yet hearty tone was one that Hiccup rarely heard from his father, but it was still enough to startle him when the giant man seemed to appear out of nowhere.

"I don't know what to say; I never dreamed something like this would be possible." He met his father's eyes, deep emerald like his own. Pride. It radiated from every part of the older man's body, focused in his eyes like a ray of light through a lens. Hiccup himself felt a tingling, bubbling feeling welling up from the pit of his chest, spurring his face into a beaming grin.

"Son," Stoick began, getting a little uncharacteristically choked up, "I'm truly proud of you. I'm proud of what you and Toothless did for Berk, what you did for all of us. And—" He paused just as the tone of his voice began to wax somber and remorseful, bringing his son into his embrace. "I wanted to say I'm sorry for not listening to you, for not trusting you before."

"Fath-Dad, I'm sorry, too," Hiccup responded in kind, bringing his arms around his father, or around as much of him as he could reach at least. "For not being honest with you, and, well, not giving you a reason to trust me." The difference in size and Hiccup's awkward attempts at staying balanced with his new leg left the father-son moment looking a bit lopsided, but the sentiment was all that mattered, right? Up until this point, their relationship had been rocky at best and downright confrontational at its worst, but perhaps now they could finally begin repairing the tenuous bond between them.

The village was proud. His father was proud. Most importantly he was proud, proud that he and his closest companion had been able to set things right, to come out on top, to make peace between Vikings and dragons. In his father's words, he and Toothless were the "bridge

between worlds," and there was nary a relationship in Viking history more important than theirs.

Hiccup turned to look at the dragon at his side, his first and dearest friend, and the love of his life. Perhaps he'd lost his leg that day, but at least he hadn't lost anything really important.

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><p><strong>Thanks for reading!<strong>

Comments, questions, concerns, and all that jazz are highly encouraged!

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Author's Notes\*\***

So herein is where the story actually starts to happen. As with the last chapter, I want y'all to tell me exactly what I'm doing wrong through reviews and the like.

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><p>A warm summer on Berk was always unfamiliar though not altogether unwelcome. It was usually comfortable, but somehow disquietingly so. While most summers were simply "less cold" than the other months, on rare occasion the season would manifest as something warm even by outsiders' standards. It was this kind of summer that induced indolence in the young and foolish, but to the wiser Vikings stood as a warning against complacency. Summers like these often burned themselves out more quickly, harbingers of an early autumn. As the season waxed and flourished the naive would grow lazy only to be caught unawares when it soon waned.<p>

Beneath the warmth of the sun, Hiccup's father stood proudly before the crowd. His voice, even at a fraction of its fullest volume, carried well. Years of practice during his time as chief had endowed him with an unmatched confidence and an impenetrable air of dignity.

"It will have been 15 years ago next week that my son, Hiccup, was born. The summer of that year was warm just as this one. Then, just as now, many of you were gathered around my house to celebrate the birth of my son, to welcome him into our village. Today we welcome him again, this time into our ranks as a Viking warrior."

A Viking warrior, huh? Hiccup thought it weird to think of himself as one of them again. Sure, for most of his life he wanted nothing more than to be recognized by his fellow clansmen, but now that he gone through all that effort to carve out his own identity fighting for Toothless's sake, setting himself apart from his peers and family, he was unsure if he could in all honesty consider himself one of them, especially given his relationship with Toothless. Still, Hiccup smiled, content in knowing that things would be different from hereon.

"He has done a great service to the people of Berk," the chief continued, "in defeating the monstrous Red Death and in showing us

that dragons need not be our enemies, that they can live peacefully alongside us. Though I made the formal declaration two days prior, I will repeat once more for my son's sake that our war against these creatures has ended."

Hiccup was overjoyed to hear those words, to have official confirmation that all he had done had truly had some meaning. The crowd cheered, calling out his name. A single tear (or was it sweat?) crept down his cheek. Standing there amid the throngs of Vikings, he felt warm.

The following week found Hiccup quite active, in spite of his injury. When he was not doing his rehabilitation, Hiccup was out in the skies with Toothless, often accompanied by the rest of Berk's dragon riding community. The small group of dragon riders came together often to race, show off tricks, or simply talk about their dragons. And when they adjourned, Hiccup and his boyfriend spent their time alone at the cove or wherever else they could find privacy. It was summer and for a time all was well.

Soon enough, the a second week had passed since his battle with the Red Death. Hiccup woke that morning to the sunrise filtering through his window on his left. To his right lay the massive beast turned lover, looking almost comical as his oversized body barely managed to stay atop the straw mattress. At some point he would have to address the issue of them sleeping together, both the logistics of it as well as (more importantly) not giving his dad any cause for suspicion. With the dragon at his back holding him tight and warm beneath his foreleg, Hiccup felt nothing but disdain towards the notion of getting up.

"Morning, buddy!" he yawned as he turned towards Toothless's eponymous gummy grinning face. Satisfied that they were alone, he quickly pecked the dragon's muzzle, at which Toothless chirped contentedly and nuzzled his lover's cheek.

"Gurrrruruuuu!"

"Love you, too, bud."

With the dragon's body flush against his own and it being well, the morning Hiccup's iron was hot, prodding up against the pebbly reptilian skin. His habit of sleeping in the buff during the warmer summer months had at first made the situation somewhat awkward; Toothless's presence in his bed the first few nights had seemed odd, but by the end of the week it felt completely natural. Except, maybe, for the aforementioned morning wood.

He blushed and shuddered as the larger creature inadvertently shifted against the sensitive skin. Like any adolescent Viking, he had his urges, and of course he loved Toothless. But the logistics of sexual activity between himself and the dragon based on their relative size alone, coupled with an utter lack of understanding about dragon physiology understandably left Hiccup more than a little bit hesitant to engage Toothless in that way.

From the other side of the bed, Toothless had been just as curious towards what his mate had down there, and in sharing the boy's strange nest he had inevitably discovered that it differed only slightly from his own, a bit smaller and it did not taper as much. As

a dragon, the whole notion of clothing and nudity seemed rather absurd to him, but apparently to humans it had something to do with intimacy. That his mate had been so shy at first about exposing himself surely indicated as much. Perhaps it had something to do with their genitals not retracting.

Still, Toothless enjoyed the feeling of the smaller creature curled against his breast, savoring the way he trembled and shivered at his touch. Every tender movement the boy made reminded him of just how fragile Hiccup was, how much he wanted to protect him, and it drove the dragon's longing for him even further.

The dragon tightened his grip around his mate who proceeded to further nestle up against him, diving lips-first into Toothless's embrace. Though the gesture had been purely symbolic at first, the emotional appeal of kissing really started to grow on the Night Fury. The act itself still held little weight for him, but the bold, sometimes frenzied passion his mate performed it with spurred something inside of him. For a human, he could be surprisingly draconine in his affection.

From below, the sound of footsteps creaking up the stairs went unnoticed until a voice jolted the pair from their blissful basiation.

"Hiccup," the boy's father called up to him, horned helmet emerging from the stairwell, "you awake yet?"

"Shit," Hiccup hissed beneath his breath, snapping upright. "Move, now!" The dragon found himself shoved from the bed, taking the tangled sheets with him as he fell to the ground with an unceremonious thud.

"Is everythingâ€¦ alright?" The Viking chief stood at the top of the staircase appearing quite bemused at the sight of his son stark naked, hobbling on his one foot, apparently trying to wrestle his bed sheets away from a dragon.

"J-just f-fineâ€¦" his son stuttered, yanking out from beneath Toothless just enough fabric to cover himself. Toothless could hear his mate's heart pounding.

"What're you all worked up about? I'm your father, boy; it's nothing I haven't seen before. Now, when you two are finished with your 'lovers' quarrel,' your friends are waiting for you outside!"

Hiccup coughed out a nervous chuckle at the jibe as his father turned back to descend the stairs. Toothless could see the boy's tension slowly melt away as he sat back down upon the bed. When the man was finally out of earshot, his mate spoke.

"That was way too close," Hiccup sighed as he went to affix his prosthetic. "Sorry, to shove you like that, buddy. You alright?"

"Gruurrrâ€¦" Toothless growled playfully, butting his head against Hiccup's arm.

Hiccup tried to ignore his lover's continued pouting while he put on his clothes, but the dragon persisted in making a fuss.

"Hey, I said I was sorry!" He bent over and planted a kiss on the dragon's muzzle, which only marginally served to placate him. "There. Is the big baby's boo-boo all better now that he got his kissie?"

Toothless snorted. He knew fully well that they had to keep their affair hidden, but that did not mean he had to like doing so.

Hiccup sighed once more, taking Toothless's head into his lap.

"I know you don't like it. But what choice do we have? If anyone found out about usâ€¦ I don't even know what they'd do, but chances are it wouldn't end well."

The Night Fury responded with a flap of his wings, kicking up dust and dirt from between the floorboards. They could leave! Why did they have to stay here?

"What, you think we should just fly away?"

"Kruuuuâ€¦" Toothless looked up at him expectantly and then out the window.

"Yeah, no. Do you really think someone like me could survive out there?"

Toothless pressed his head insistently into the boy's still bare stomach.

"Okay, fine. I'd have you to protect me, but stillâ€¦"

The dragon bleated excitedly, pawing the floor. He would do more than just protect his mate; he would build them a wonderful nest, hunt for their food, and take care of him!

"I get it, I get it. You can be such a child sometimes." Hiccup shifted his weight along the edge of the bed forcing Toothless to adjust himself as well. Gently he smiled down at him. "I love you, bud, I really do, but I can't just leave Berk. It's my home, and there's still a lot to be done now that you and the other dragons are living with us. Besides, I can't leave him."

Toothless cocked his head at the somber tone that seemed to lace his mate's words. He followed the human's gaze down through the floorboards towards where he could hear the metallic clanging of Stoick strapping on his armor for the day.

"I never told you this, but my mom was taken from us by dragons when I was still a baby. Dad told me that a massive dragon carried her away andâ€¦"

"Kururuâ€¦" Ears tucked down, he trilled sympathetically.

"Yeah. It really hurt him. So you understand why I can't just leave him; I'm all he's got. And besides, I'm next in line to become chief and then I can just order everyone to respect you as my boyfriend, right?" Hiccup laughed as he stood up, a lot more stable on his feet than he had been the previous week. "Come on, everyone's waiting for us outside."

Boyfriend. Hiccup had never called him that before. He had lingered on the word as though it was something important or special, and it seemed to brighten his smile. Toothless did not know what it meant, but whatever it was, he was okay with it.

The pair did not return from their excursion until late that afternoon. Clouds cobwebbed across the sky, enough to fragment the setting sun's rays and slightly chill the air. They arrived at the unusually busy plaza to find the chief facing the usual gamut of complaints from disgruntled villagers. Of course, no such afternoon would be complete without a visit from everyone's favorite cantankerous old geezer.

"We've had enough of this, Stoick! It's been nothing but mayhem for the past week since you and your son let these dragons have their way with Berk!" Mildew spat as he spoke, dousing poor Stoick as he went on his tirade. "These are wild creatures that if left unchecked will reduce our poor village to rubble!"

He gestured to the decimated wall of a nearby home. Debris still littered the ground, charred black by the flames of a Monstrous Nightmare. A pair of young men worked to clear it away, grunting in affirmation at Mildew's words.

"Ever since as those monsters realized we'd all gone soft, they've been arriving in swarms to ravage everything. Especially my poor cabbage!" The man in his ire gestured wildly nearly hitting the chief with his crook. Through his time-weathered skin Stoick could almost see the man's very bones rattling with rage.

"He's got a point, Stoick," Gobber chimed in, having wisely chosen to keep his distance from Mildew, "people have been complaining quite a bit about all these dragons coming back."

"With good reason! They've destroyed homes, stolen food, harassed our livestock--"

"I know, I know," Stoick cut him off, "I've heard the stories, and I promise that something will be done about the dragons."

Mildew had a personality as putrid and pungent as his namesake, and he was just as difficult to get rid of. Stoick knew well that if he had something to complain about, a near constant state for the crotchety old crone, he would not let Berk know peace until his concerns were addressed. More often than not, he found it easier to pretend to humor him, simply nodding and looking thoughtful as the man ranted on until realizing how insignificant his complaints were; however, it was another matter entirely when Mildew's words actually had merit to them. And the chief of Berk recognized this as a clear case of the latter.

"It's not even just the wild ones," Mildew shouted violently, "those 'pets' your son and his friends have been keeping are the real source of the problem! You've put a bunch of destructive and unpredictable monsters in the hands of a bunch of kids!"

When he put it that way, it did sound rather foolish. Stoick could not deny that. Perhaps he had been a bit too caught up in his son's enthusiasm; the more he thought about the whole situation, the more



it seemed as though he had made an error in his judgment.

"These demons are unfit to live among civilized men!"

A number of villagers stepped into the fray to express their support; with each point the man raised, more seemed to rally behind him.

"Listen to Mildew, Stoick," one woman called out over the din. "Everyday those filthy beasts ransack my bakery, stealing at least half of the bread I make each day!"

Mildew gestured to the plaza around them. Storefronts lay in shambles, half-eaten produce strewn about like corpses across a battlefield. Spilt across the cobblestone and left to rot, stores of Yak's milk had spoiled in the summer heat leaving its rancid odor to linger in the air. Atop an upturned cart, a pair of Terrible Terrors fought over what may have once been a man's tunic or a woman's skirt, though the tattered remains at this point bore little semblance to its original form.

"You need to put those dragons in cages!" Mildew's glare was lurid as he stared down the chief of Berk. "If you don't, they'll eat us out of house and home, and destroy the entire village!"

By this point Mildew had drawn quite the crowd, the growing numbers eager to voice their discontent. Alone he might be harmless, but with this much popular support something had to be done.

From the sidelines, his son hobbled forward to stand before the crowd, Toothless at his side. Still a testament to the boy's valiance, the iron leg clunked against the wooden stoop where they stood. But even with Vikings, impressive battle scars can only get someone so far.

"They don't mean any harm," he started, his voice calm but weak, "they're just dragons being dragons."

For all that the boy had changed in the past week, he still seemed to have trouble speaking in front of a crowd. He simply lacked the confidence and dignity of his father. As heir to the chiefdom, Hiccup would at some point have to learn to speak properly for himself, but for now given the delicacy of this issue, Stoick felt it necessary to take over the pulpit. Knowing Hiccup, he would try to take this whole situation upon himself. It was too much pressure for a kid like him, and if he failed, the entire village would be going for him. Or worse, for Toothless.

"Look, Mildew," he stepped forward, pushing his son aside, "if there's a problem, I'll deal with it."

It had been his son that drove Stoick to stand there against Mildew. By nearly all accounts the old man was correct: the dragons had become a problem and the most prudent solution would be to cage them or chase them away altogether, but he simply could not bring himself to do that. He had never seen his son as happy as he was with that dragon, and to take that away would crush him.

"Oh, there's a problem alright." Mildew closed in on the Viking chief. "And I think I speak for everyone when I say you'd better do

something about it."

The threat lingered in the air as the old man took his leave, leaving the swarm of irate Vikings in his wake.

For the next hour, Hiccup watched his father pace back and forth through the house, throwing ideas at Gobber to see what stuck. As of yet, the chief and the blacksmith seemed to be having little luck. Gobber seemed more than content to shoot down some of the more absurd prospects with cheeky one-liners.

Night had fallen and their home was in shadow save for the light of a few candles that only barely kept the encroaching darkness at bay. Hiccup lay in wait in shadows, taking refuge behind one of the wooden support beams.

His father really had no idea how to deal with the dragons, did he? It irked him that his father had cut him off earlier today in front of Mildew and everyone else, only to make some vague proclamation that he would handle the problem. Maybe now that he realized he had no clue what to do, he might finally listen to his son.

"Agh!"

Stoick grunted in frustration, swiping at a chair and causing it to tumble across the floor.

"Maybe Mildew was right." His father had clearly reached the end of his patience, which meant it was his turn to step forward.

"No, no, Dad, wait," Hiccup called out, setting the chair upright, "what if I deal with the dragons?"

"You?" The lack of confidence coming from his father was less than reassuring, but that had hardly stopped him before.

"Who else?" Really, that much should have been glaringly obvious. "You've seen what I've done with Toothless."

Toothless had his back, creeping out from the darkness to nuzzle up against him. The dragon pushed his head under Hiccup's arm, first smiling up at him and then over at Stoick. For a dragon, he sure knew how to help sell the boy's argument.

"If anyone can control them, I can. I'm the best man for the job."

Stoick folded his arms across his chest.

"You're not a man, yet."

"Not if you don't give me the chance to be!"

The candlelight sputtered out when Hiccup snapped, allowing his father's reaction to escape behind the veil of shadow. Gobber's amused countenance remained unobscured however, hinting that his father might be willing to bite. And bite he did, for the next words out of the elder Viking's mouth placed Hiccup at the forefront of managing Berk's dragon problem.

"You'll have your chance, Hiccup. Starting tomorrow." Somewhere in his father's words Hiccup thought he heard traces of worry. Well, he would just have to show his father that he could handle himself.

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><p><strong>Thanks for Reading!<strong>

Rate, review, rebuke, remonstrate, or whatever other 'r' words you fancy!

End  
file.